Pledmont Sunday School Institute.

Delegates from several schools in the bounds of the Piedmont Association met with the Liberty Church on Friday be fore the first Sunday in this month, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School Institute. The introductory sermon was delivered by Rev. D. Weston Hiatt; text-Nehemiah 4:6-"So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work." The discourse was practical; interesting and well

In the afternoon the above Institute was organized by electing the following named officers : President, Rev. D. Weston Hiatt; Vice President, S. A. Gary; Secretary and Treasurer, L. Mauldin.

On Saturday, at 10 a. m., we had a Sabbath School address from Mr. S. A. Gary, which was delivered in a very forcible and edifying manner, deeply impressing the audience with the great work of advancing the Master's cause in the way of Sunday Schools. By request, Rev. D. Weston Hiatt explained the work of the Institute, which was done with good effect. In the afternoon we had a lesson in music, ably conducted by

On Sunday morning, at 9 a. m., we held a Sunday School mass meeting. Addresses were made by Rev. W. H. Kay, Mr. S. A. Gary and Rev. D. Weston Hiatt. The speeches were good and well worth listening to. We then assembled at the water, where the pastor (D. Weston Hiatt) led two young ladies into the water, and they were buried with Christ by baptism. The missionary sermon, which was an excellent discourse, was preached by Rev. F. R. McClanshan. We then adjourned to meet with the Beaverdam Church, Anderson County,

S. C., Friday before the third Sunday in May next.
D. W. Hiatt, President. L. MAULDEN, Secretary. Fair Play Lodge, L. O. of G. T. MR. EDITO3: This Lodge has been numbered with the things of the past, or, in other words, like most similar societies, it has died a natural death. It was organized with eighteen or twenty members, and out of this number, strange to say, there were only two church members; but, however, the Lodge went to work, and fought bravely for eight or ten months, asking the old church members in the neighborhood to join us and thus swell our little band, in order that we might better contend against the great army of intemperance, which has so many men, aye! and women, too, in its ranks, and which is daily growing larger ranks, and which is daily growing larger up and down. We showed our letters to the young officer of the day, who regarded us wonderingly, searchingly. He can be used to have worked the harder. There was no reason why it should die out in the manner it did. But, alas! some of the members became disheartened, and, consequently, became irregular in their resources. consequently, became irregular in their The ground was so slippery and so wet attendance, and the rest of the members soon found that they were too weak to accomplish any good, or rather they too soon gave up the good work in which they were engaged. Before they gave up, feeling their weakness, and, being desirous of awakening a new interest in the community in behalf of their Lodge they called on the members of the church especially those living in and around Fair Flay, to join the Lodge, but all in vain. They merely evinced carelessness or rather indifference, to the cause, when we thought that they should have rendered all the aid they could in behalf of our Lodge. When called on to join, some of them remarked that they had been waiting to see whether the Lodge would continue to hold up or not. This was all the encouragement that we, a few worldly persons, received from them, when we were doing our best to improve the morals of our town and vicinity. Do you suppose that if the people of a neighborhood were to see a fire, driven by a howling wind, approaching their fencing, that they would stand back and say that we will wait to see whether the fire will reach the fencing or not? No! you would see no waiting, but the mind of every one would be bent upon quenching the flames before any damage could be done them. There would soon be quite an army of persons arrayed to contend against the flames, and they would fight in earnest, too. Then is it not of much more importance to contend against the great flame of intemperance which is sweeping over our land and destroying so many persons, both morally and socially; that flame that is wrecking the happiness and fortunes of so many of our fellowbeings. It is a plain fact, which does not require double glasses to behold. It requires no deductive or inductive system of reasoning to get at the truth of the matter. We have the evils caused by intemperance daily before our eyes, and

whole, we can in part. Winnsboro' News: Col. Rion, at the request of Gen. LeDuc, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, has recently sent to the Department of Agriculture two specimens of cork wood from his own tree. The bark sent is one inch thick. The Colonel's tree! is said to be the largest in this country.

to be overcome? I answer, emphati

cally, no! All that we need is unity of

action and perseverance. We must cast

aside our indifference and supply its

place with energy. We must determine

to win, and we can win. Will we allow

our fellow-beings to throw themselves

save them? Will we allow them to give

themselves up to the demon, Intempe-

rance, that destroys so many, robs so

many, blights so many hopes, and wrecks

so many brains, making persons totally

unfit for society or earth, or to enter the

kingdom of Heaven? Let every man

stand bravely to his post, and we can

prevent these direful effects-if not in

THE SIBERIAN MINES.

Why Nihilism is So Widespread in Russia

Letter from Germany.

If a person of sane mind were to inof his or her intention to spend a vacation in Siberia, you would un-doubtedly smile audibly, and opine that the party making so audacious an assertion would be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Still, I am bound to confess that I have just returned from a trip to that Arctic region; where I made quite a stay, in company with my friend, Robert Lemke, the eminent political economist, and a student of political phisophy, than whom there is none more thorough and more searching. We have been through the land of the Nihilists; and, however earnest we might have been in our desire to discover important in-formation, all our efforts would have been in vain had not an influential American at St. Petersburg, whose name I have promised not to mention, given us such letters of introduction that all portals ened wide to us, and we saw and

have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a speed access to the sources from which I have the sources from the large the large that the sources from the s good many things in Russia. The large cities, however, are not the places for the accumulation of knowledge such as we desired to get; and, after idling a few days at Moscow, St. Petersburg and its villageatures, we started for the Siberian

Until we came to Tobolsk, there was still some civilization about and around taste of the horrors we were about to witness. For days we dragged along in a guide. miserable carriage, without meeting any-thing or anybody, except the lonely Gov-ernment posts, with their stupid "Starost" and his subordinate Cossacks. At last we saw in the distance a towering moun-tain, and within its cleft side a colossal opening, similar to the pit of a volcano. From within

POUL AIR AND DISAGREEABLE SMELLS saluted our nostrils, and for some time we had to draw our breath hard. With our pocket-handkerchiess crammed into our mouths, we entered the gigantic mouth of the rock. From the walls dirty water dripped down in large drops, forming a little rivulet, which gathered in a pool outside the entrance. Toward the east and the north the territory rose as high as 4,000 feet above the sea. A chain, several miles in length, of snow-capped glaciers gave to the mine the character of an unapproachable fortress. To the left of the entrance an enormous guardhouse was built, occupied by a number of Cossacks. The establishment was about as filthy as any habitation for human beings can well be. The furniture ocket-handkerchiefs crammed into our man beings can well be. The furniture consisted only of a few rough benches and a large table. In front of its door a double file of muskets were stacked, be-tween which a bearded Cossack marched

that we were in danger of falling PESTILENTIAL MIASMA

filled the air; and, in spite of a good fur cloak—the gift of a friend in Moscow—I ness was so intense that neither of us could see the other. We had gone on perhaps ten minutes when I perceived, far in the distance, the

rembling, uncertain glimmer of a light and I felt sure that we were approaching the mine proper. The ground became softer and more slimy, and cold more enetrating. At every setp we sank into he marass for several inches, and there was a smell of putrefaction, as in a char

d-house. "We are in front of the mine," said our guide, pointing to a high iron railing which surrounded a long cave—its massive rails, through the crevice of which hardly a rat might have squeezed itself, being covered with rust. The locks were fastened with chains of immense thick-ness and weight. A guard made his appearance, and upon the word of our guide he opened the lock—but only with a great deal of strength was he enabled so far to turn the railing upon its hinges that we could pass through into the inte-rior. We stepped into a room which, although it was large enough otherwise, hardly permitted a full grown man to stand upright, and was lighted only by a

poor oil lamp, which left all surrounding things in darkness.
"Where are we?" I asked the guide.
"In the dormitory of the prisoners," he answered. "Formerly this was a wellyielding lode; now we have made it into law of despotism were compelled to rest, after the day's work, upon a poor bed of straw! Into the dripping walls of the rock alcove-like cells had been hollowed out, and the entire room gave the im-pression of an enormous bee-hive. Every cell harbors five prisoners during the night; and above each of the single cots the unhappy mortals were locked and chained like so many dogs. No door, no window, no chair, no table, no shelving; everywhere the naked rock and rusty why will people not unite in its suppression? Has it taken such a hold upon The straw which served as a bed our people at large, that it is too strong for the delinquents was

WET AND HALF ROTTEN: it looked and felt like a mass of dung.

little bag filled with straw served as a pillow; a wet sheet, made of bag-linen as a coverlet. No bench—no utensils of any kind. In one corner a lamp faintly climmered, in honor of the Madonna vhose image was fastened above it in an old gilt frame.

An insupportable dread overcame me away without a struggle on our part to

in gazing upon this picture of terrible desolation and misery; and I drew a long breath of relief when we passed out of the "dormitory," and into another corridor, dark as the first one, but less slippery. Everything was as quiet as a graveyard until we reached an enormous cave, in the centre of which stood a round table and three benches. Several served to lighten the hall, in the ceiling of which I saw a window almost covered with iron bars, through which a faint ray of daylight endeavored to penetrate, and this, mingled with the torchlight, pro-duced an effect at once dismal and loomy beyond description. This was

working the iron ore. Before us we saw several hundred ragged creatures, with terribly rough, long beards, faces pale as death, or of a sickly yellow, with red-rimmed eyes, dragging heavy chains, rat-tling them at every motion.

Not one looked healthy, and not one spoke, or sang, or whistled; they all worked in silence, looking askance at us, and rattling again their chains, which had been put upon them in the name of justice. Many of them were barefoot; a few wore the remnants of shoes upon their feet. The rags which covered them were completely saturated with the drip-ping water, so that they could not give to the shivering bodies one atom of warmth. Upon their beards I saw long icicles; and I sometimes watched one or the other blow into his chilled hands or shake convulsively in the icy-cold air. I shall never forget the dreadful scene; and, in moment that mountain sprites were busy here at their hidden work; but the clanking of the chains, the groaning of the prisoners, and the rough cries of the task-masters soon recalled the dreadful reality. The hammering and digging never ceased. If an exile attempted to rest a little, the sharp command of the overseer soon put him to work again; and there was a feverish, uneasy activity. One of the prisoners—a slight, fine figure, with a face the profile of which showed extra-

ordinary beauty-excited our particular attention. With visible exertion he swung his pickaxe, and his breath came

"The prisoners are forbidden to speak about the cause of their exile," the inspector informed us.
"Who is the prisoner?" I asked our

"No./114," he answered, laconically. "So I see," I replied; "but I mean his name, his family, his crime."

"It is Count de Parentoff," he replied—"a well known conspirator. I amsorry not to be able to tell you more about No.

beckoned to the guide and to my friend. He and I hastily traversed again the narrow corridors and ascended to the world again, where the chief commander sa-

luted us. "Well," Re asked, "what impression has our institution made upon you?"
We bowed in silence.
He seemed delighted, and remarked

ironically: "Our boys below work dili-gently, do they not?"
"Indeed they do," answered my friend;
"but with what feeling of relief the unhappy ones must greet their Sunday, who I they can take a rest."

"Rest!" he said, wonderingly, "they THEY MUST WORK ALWAYS !"

"Always?" "Most certainly! They are condemned to work everlastingly. He who once enters the mine never leaves it again!" "But this is barbaric," I could not re-

train from saying.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The exiles," he replied, "work twelve hours daily, and on Sundays, too. They are never permitted to rest. Oh! but yes—

We bowed again and hastened to go both very silent until we got out of Russia. But hereafter we shall not be so very much shocked and surprised when we read of the terrible spread of that po-litical fanaticism which is called Nihilism in the great Empire of the European

DENNIS KEARNEY RISES TO EXPLAIN BOUT HIS CALL ON GRANT.-The San Francisco Post, in a recent issue, says Dennis Kearney, as usual, was the prin-cipal speaker at the sand lot yesterday. The only thing of interest in his speed was the explanation of his "call" upo was the explanation of his "call" upon Gen. Grant, of which he said: All of you have heard of the arrival in our city of ago yesterday, and was received with great honors. Looking upon him as a representative citizen, who has had unisual opportunities for observation in foreign countries, and particularly in China, I considered it my duty as a cit-zen to visit him, and to bid him welcome in behalf of the workingmen to our home; to invite him to the sand lot, and to visit our mayor elect, Dr. Kalloch who is unable to pay his respects to this distinguished citizen. Therefore, on Thursday morning, bright and early, after having spent the only twenty-five cents that I had on that day in getting shaved and having my shoes blacked, I went to the Palace Hotel, wrote my name on a card, and asked the clerk to send it In the dormitory of the prisoners," he inswered. "Formerly this was a well-rielding lode; now we have made it into a sleeping-room." We shuddered. This had done with my card, and he replied subterranean cave, into which neither sun nor moon could ever send a ray of and that Mrs. Grant had informed him light, was called an apartment; and in that the General was not up, whereupon this terrible grave, the air of which was I thanked him and left, and returned in this terrible grave, the air or which was pregnant with fearful miasma, the unfortunates banished here by the unpitiable tunates banished here by the unpitiable o'clock I renewed my visit, sent up my o'clock I renewed my visit, sent up my card, and was informed by the waiter that the General had left to visit the Mint. I awaited his return, and called again, when, upon sending up my name, I was told by the waiter who returned from seeing me. I thanked him and left, considering that I had done my duty. During the week, when my intention o visiting Gen. Grant became known, I was told that it would be necessary that I should be introduced by some of the since his arrival in this city. Not being lesirous of associating or being identifie with this class of persons, many of whom I expect to see in the striped garments of convicts before another year rolls round I declined the proffered assistance and went alone, with the result which I have stated. I have no comments whatever to men of this country must draw their own

> - Next to the love of her husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, the devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his much in the sere leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

the mine proper, and here an infernal — Every moral system which cannot noise was heard, caused by the pickaxts give to man a new heart will be and and hammers with which the exiles were must be a failure.

WHALES FIGHTING AT SEA.

an old Whaler Explains Why a Merchan Vessel May Run Into Anything.

To the Editor of the New York Sun-SIR On board of all merchant vessels (as the bark Columbia would be called in nautical parlance), there is no lookout kept, either from the vessel's deck or masthead, and if any strange object is seen on the ocean by any of the crew of a mer-chantman, it is more by accident than design. That is the reason so many shipwrecked mariners who survive the disas-ter have always incidents to relate of vessels passing near them and not coming to

s possible to manage them from port to port, for the purpose of reducing expen-ses. There are no extra men provided against cases of sickness or death. If a man is off duty the others of his "watch" on deck are obliged to perform his part of the work. As everybody knows, it is the rule of the sea for the vessel's safety to always have one-half of its crew on deck when she is upon the mighty deep. But you can easily comprehend that if the crew of a merchantman is small in pro-portion to her tonage, one-half of her crew has constant employment during the day in fine and fair weather to keep the vessel clean and in sailing conditio The rigging of a vessel is worse than the rigging of a woman. You get a woman well rigged and she will keep herself so for a while; but the rigging of a vessel is always out of order. Of course I am

eferring to "sailing" vessels only.

I have merely stated these facts to show you that the watches on deck during the day have all their time and attention taken up "in board," in keeping the vessel in order, and that they rarely cast their eyes "sea board" without they expect something to cross their vision. I will mention an incident which occurred to miles to the eastward of the Island of St. Paul's. Our lookout at mast head, one day, discovered a sail two points off our lee bow, apparently standing the same way as ourselves on an east northeast course. As the day drew along we gradually overhauled the stranger, who ap-peared to be a full-rigged ship, with ev-erything she could set, from her royals down, standing, as we were, close hauled on the port tack. When we raised her hull from our deck we sent the stars and stripes glancing to the peak, brought our glasses to bear on her, and expected to get a response. We held our spy-glasses to our eyes for some time, but we could get no responsive signal from her. We were now curious. Our ensign was of an unusual size and might have been easily seen by the naked eye from this slow sailer off our lee bow. We gave them a better view of our flag by approaching nearer. We swung our ship off, hauled up our fore and main sails, and ran before the wind toward the strange vessel, which was now but two points forward of our lee beam. We kept watch of her mizzen peak, expecting response to ours. Nearer and nearer we drew, but although our man at the mast move about on her deck, she failed to how her colors. We then resolved to run down across her stern, and see if she had any name, and learn, if we could who we ran down across her stern and hailed twice during the year; at Easter, and on the birthday of our glorious Emperor!"

And he removed his hat, as though he had spoken the name of the Lord.

We fail down across her stern and haried her, and we got to leeward of her, hauled one of our quarter boats before she got the Dutch flag to her peak. As we were Dutch flag to her peak. As we were strong handed, I lowered the quarter our crew, pulled along side of this Dutch East Indiaman and boarded her. Of course, after the first salutation that one master of a vessel gives to another on like occasions, I inquired the reason why they had not responded to our signal and shown their colors before they did. Would you believe it, they never saw our ship until we were down almost on top of them and created a consternation among their crew on deck! So you see

the end off of an iceberg. There have been two vessels-whalers -sunk by whales, history records. Both were sunk in the South Pacific Ocean, and both were sunk by sperm whales (bulls). These vessels had both attacked the whales first in boats, which were stove by the infuriated monsters. The captains in each case then attacked the whales with their ships, and in doing so were in return attacked by the whales and sunk. The whale is the most docile fish that swims, and those two cases are the only ones, I believe, known in the history of the whale fishery. I do not believe a whale attacked the bark Colum-bia. If a whale sunk that bark it was by accident. Two incidents in my expeience of whales strengthens my opinion. Sperm whales (the bulls only) have dreadful battles with each other at sea, and when fighting those battles are ob livious to everything around them. Two hundred miles northwest of the Western Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, in 1852, I was an eye witness of one of those fear-ful combats between these leviathans of the deep. We had just begun our cruise, and were not ready to catch or lower for whales, so we ran our ship down them, without being discovered. The sea all around them was colored with blood, and in and out of the water they fought like demons. Again, in the Cele Then we were prepared to take fish. We lowered our four boats and came ipon them so unawares that we fastened lances at once. Here, again, was the sea all bloody, and when we hauled them alongside of the ship long, deep ridges were found ploughed in the sides of the whales, and the jaws of each were torn and bleeding. We stowed down 188 bar-

rels of sperm oil out of the two.

If a vessel as old as the bark Columbia should strike one of these sperm whales, the vessel going at the rate of six or eight knots, it would start her planking and spring her seams at the stem; and if the Captain or crew did not know enough o heave the vessel to, draw a sail under her bow, or pump ship, why she would sink. According to the account I read, the Columbia's crew did nothing but desert her when they found she had sprung a leak. Might not the Columbia have run into a sperm whale while fight-

AN OLD WHALER.

- The Democratic national committee will hold its meeting to arrange for the opening of the presidential campaign, in Boston, on the 23d of February next, the 22d, their customary time of meeting, falling on Sunday.

- In a recent speech at Austin, Texas, enator Maxey advised that the actions and utterances of the Southern people should be regulated so as not to furnish Republicans with grounds for conducting

- Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of lina next year in the interest of the National Democratic ticket.

Bull-Fighting in Mexico.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

MATAMOROS, August 4.

I have just witnessed a bull fight in this city—a singular scene within a mile or two of the United States boundary line. The fight was so different in many respects from similar scenes in South merica and old Spain that I describe it for our readers: The seats around the arena are filled with the elite of Tamaulipas, including many women, some beautiful, some pretty and a good many

The bull is driven into the arena, a thin, gaunt animal, pale yellow or cream color, long-pointed horns, short head and fiery eye, but young, not evidently more than a three year old, and sadly weakened by long fasting. He snorts and takes a hurried survey of the scene. A picador, in red tights, runs past him and flaunts a red rag in his face. The bull snorts, runs his long horn, with a quick flashing motion, through the red cloth, and tears it from the man's hand. Other nicadors it from the man's hand. Other picadors repeat the same thing, the brute becomes excited and charges wildly at his tormentors they spring lightly to one side blinding the bull with the cloth, or bound up the side of the high fence, beyond the reach of his sharp horns. The crowd hoot and yell for the bandarias (arrows with strong, barbed iron points, winged with a profusion of colored paper cut in strips.) The picador most skillfully seizes one in each hand, and when the now thoroughly savagely at him, plants the two bandarias in the two sides of the animal's neck, who pitches roars and charges around the arens, blood flowing freely, the colored paper streamers flying, and the crowd yelling and hooting like demons.

When the bull, worried and bleeding,

shows an inclination to make his escape from his torturers, the crowd yell a pruidus los fuegos (light him with fire.) Then another brings what looks like two short rockets, with huge barbed iron points, each containing several loaded rockets, so arranged that when struck into the bull they will at each discharge and drive the point in deeper. The match is touched to the rocket, and they are hurled or driven into the neck or back of the brute. He bellows. The fuse hisses. The rockets explode one after another in rapid ets explode one after another in rapid succession, enveloping the animal in smoke. The hair is burned from the skin, and the skin parched and burned by the fearful explosions, resembling a small cannon. The sharp irons are driven further into the quivering flesh at every discharge. The blood streams from his wounds until, as it happened to one of the bulls on this occasion, he falls to the ground as though dead, overcome by torture and loss of blood. Now the lown announces, after three animals, almost precisely alike in size, action, and color, had been thus bated and worried, finally lassoed, thrown down and the iron barbs pulled out of their flesh, and turned most profoundly grateful in turn, &c., and would announce the close of the performance, and that another would ake place on some future day. His voice is drowned by a fierce roar from the crowd of "Traigen una pos mantato." (Bring in another and kill him.) The clown answers: "This is a sovereign city, and permission must first be obtained." He bounds up the fence in front of the officials of the city and asks permission with hat in hand. It is, of course, granted. He announces the re-sult. The crowd cheer vociferously. The Bull enters, is bated and worried

as before described. A picador seizes a short, straight, double-edged sword, makes a lunge at the bull, inflicts an ugly around and again drives the blade down the side of the neck into his vitals. The dark blood spurts out. The clown executes the movement of the stagger lying animal. The bull does not fal but looks so appealingly with his great brown liquid eyes at his executioners, as if asking what they would do next. He is only terribly wounded. A rope is thrown over his horns, his head is drawn down to the ground, and the sword forced into the back of his neck. The dying moans, the screams of terror and agony uttered by the poor creature are heartrending to those having a heart.

many women, wives particularly, who make tobacco a source of a large amount of family unhappiness. They are everlast ingly railing against smoking, continually getting at swords points with every male friend and relative, and gaining nothing by it but a grim defiance, which discovers the fact that in the long run a man's will is equally as strong as a woman's when he once sets out upon a sub-ject with the preconceived determination of having his own way. Then there is the nervous woman who faints at the mell of tobacco smoke, and can detect a moker a mile off; and the particular the furniture becoming impregnated with vapor. These unphilosophical wives rush to the extremity of driving the smoker from home to indulge elsewhere war laber dat pade nigger er big profit on de outlay ob strenf—but how am hit outlay All this is a very grave error, and if the little wives only knew how much unhappiness might—if it has not already result from this very proceeding, they would reflect twice before resorting to such petty tyranny. Let the smoker have some cozy little nook to himself where he can puff as much as he pleases without being continually tormented about it until fault-finding becomes a bore and dread to him; let it be sacred to cigars and meerschaum, spittoons and pipes, of whatever description. He has an equal right to home and the privileges the proprietorship should iusure him. You will find that he will not fall into the unpleasant trick of keeping late jubious on nigger progriss in sech times bours so frequently, and neglecting to ez desc. Eunybody what kno's er nigger spend his leisure hours at his own fire-

In the days of courtship-which bring us to young ladies who may be at present enjoying that delectable season—you would not have thought to upbraid him for such small errors, much less to have driven him from your side by fainting fits and small attempts at lectures. No no. You might have stowed the knowl edge of the aforesaid away in your memory against the time "when you two shall be one," but for the time being you would have let it slumber voiceless, just as the knowing little sweethearts of the present generation are doing. In fact, on birthday anniversaries and holiday occasions, when you found you had pre-viously exhausted every other suitable and available memento of friendship and something more, you might have active-ly decided upon a smoking-cap as your ffering to his lordship.

a novel industry which may prove to be strips the down off the feathers of turkey weaves it into a thick soft cloth which the Louisville Courier Journal, has de-clared his purpose to stump North Caro-cloaks, sacques, etc., can be made. His inability to buy her a seal skin sacque led her to make the experiment.

The "Bloodhound" Show.

John Thomas Butler, of Hamburg, S. C., has brought to New York a page hounds with which he proposes to show the manner in which runaway slaves were formerly hunted and convicts are still pursued in the South. He asserts that an exaggerated impression prevails at the North respecting the cruelty of this prac-tice, and his exhibitions are intended to tice, and his exhibitions are intended to make money and also to illustrate his claim that the purpose of using the hounds is simply to find and detain the fugitives without injuring them. He has brought with him a negro, named "Sam," who is willing to play the repair of the martyred Agent Meeker, of the White Harry wish to express my feelings in limited way for. about this horrible massacre. Had there been half as much expedition and force put in operation from the time of my father's calling for troops until the heat. way, and a sturdy little mare, whose speed is to give him an advantage over speed is to give him an accepted an in-the hounds. A reporter accepted an in-

same that were formerly used to catch fugitive slaves, and no huge savage blood-hounds, such as you have heard about, can be found down there. I wanted to travel a little, and brought these dogs along to pay my expenses, and to show you all at the North that we are not as bad as we are said to be."
"Sam" mounted the mare, and rode

a quarter of a mile just inside the track, and then rushed in behind some bushes. Mr. Butler called his hounds by sounding an old cow-horn, and started them in pursuit by a kind of "cat call." Catching the scent quickly, they followed, baying loudly, and were lost to sight. The
negro reappeared from the bushes, and
running quickly to the fence, remounted
the mare and galloped around the course.
The dogs came behind, at a considerable
distance, taking his exact course, but
when they came to where the negro had when they came to where the negro had remounted they were puzzled. In trying to recover the scent they got across the former trail and gave up the hunt Mr. Butler had said before the trial that the high wind and the dry ground would be it difficult to give activities. make it difficult to give a satisfactory exhibition on that day. "Sam" then came up with the pack, and again started, mounted from the beginning this time, with the pack at his heels, and an exciting chase took place around the course with odds in favor of the mare. She in Reaching the gate "Sam" consented to be Reaching the gate "Sam" consented to be "treed," and mounting the high gatepost, awaited the hounds. When they found him they redoubled their noise, and leaped high into the air, trying to reach the negro, who beat them off with his whip, until Mr. Butler came up and sounded his horn, at which the barking ceased as by magic, and the fugitive came down. Mr. Butler said the dogs would have bitten the negro, well as they knew him, had he descended before the horn sounded, unless he had a club with seemed to be that a runaway slave must be careful to have a tree handy when the dogs overtake him or, if he is caught in a swamp, he should be able to cut a

hickory stick in season.

J. T. Butler is not a relative of Gen.

M. C. Butler. He is a young man of twenty-five, of pleasant manners. His fether held both belower and down and on the part of the pare and fitting themselves to become one occasion tracked a man three hun-dred miles, and brought him back. Mr. other parts of the country, and in Europe.—New York Tribune.

EFFECTS OF MODERN INVENTIONS ON NIGGER PROGRESS .- Old Si waited until the signal bell of the telephone ceased ringing. Then said he:

"You w'ite folkes is allus lamentatin bout de niggers in dis county not humpin' derselbs an' makin' ob er livin' like unto odder folkes—how yer 'speck dey's gwine ter do dat wid all sich convensnuns ez dat dar hangin' up on ebery wall

"Well, that is a grave question of political economy; but what has the tele-phone to do with the negro making a

living?" debate. I'm wid yer now. Dat's what yer calls 'er laber-sabin' convenshin, aint

"An' whose laber do hit save? Not de w'ite folkes' laber, do it? No! Hit's de of the house by the poice. Next day neigger's laber all de time. 'Fore dese the husband came after me with a six genl'man wanted ter sen' word ter his wife 'bout de company fur supper, er de bucks wished fur ter forrered er note to now? De telerfone dun saved all

"Ah! I see you point!"
"Well, hit's mo' pinted dan dat! Hyar dey puts on a'r-brakes on de traines and scharge all de nigger brakesman; you'se all turned de niggers outen de press-room down stars an' ackohully dun gone ter foldin' papers by mershenry; an' down dar ter de boss' house de odder day I seed dey had er flyin' jinny on de ta-ble dat skeers off de flies by some kin' er

clock-work 'rangement!"
"But, old fellow, these are great helps to the world."

"You darkeys must take advantage of these things !'

bout er day wid dis ole ax dere d be had laber fer niggers in dis country de nex' men. In all there are 115 self-binding week dan all dem wha'rs heah an' what's reapers at work. During the harvest about 400 men are employed, and during Britishers could do! Don't yer try

telephone and went out wistling, "Auld Lang Syne."-Atlanta Constitution. - The Baltimore American entertains

hopes of a revival in the Republican party in the South. It says: "Recent trustworthy advices from Carolina and Texas report serious dissensions among the Democrats of both States that may prove a powerful force for party disintergration. In Texas there is every prospect that two indepen-dents, pledged not to act with the Demogress, and in South Carolina there seems to be no doubt that the Republicans will effect a perfect organization during the

A Letter from the Daughter of Agent

The following is a letter from Miss Meeker, daughter of Agent Meeker, recently murdered by the Utes at the may talk in because the designment of the control of the control

White River Agency:
GREELEYL October 9, 1879.—I, as the eldest daughter of the martyred Agent horrible massacre would never have occurred. The government with its slow who came to celebrate her 100th birthday; movements has let my father be murdered and, unless the local paper lies, she still dation, the stable where they were confined. On entering he found himself, to his surprise, in the midst of a dozen long-said he, "these are not blood-hounds."

"They are as near to it as we have in South Carolina," said Mr. Butler. "What do you call them?" "We call them in 1980 for the same that the same tha

they would have made so clean a work of the red devils that it would have been The life of one common white man is Cambaceres. Such a proceeding, according to the confusion it would occasion, worth more than all the Indiana from the confusion it would occasion, would be of a piece with the Commune's would be of a piece with the Commune's commune of the Vendome column. dogs along to pay my expenses, and to show you all at the North that we are not as bad as we are said to be."

"Sam" mounted the mare, and rode down the hill on which the spectators sat to the judge's stand in Fleetwood Park, where he dismounted and started to run at a pace that would win him a place in imous government we have to pamper a also incensed because he was treated like set of creatures whose existence should have been a thing of the past long ago.

Oh, my father! Could I have but an unpunctured wind-bag—full of sound died in your stead! My protector, my hope and joy! Oh, the broken heart of widows, daughters and sisters who to-day at this hour mourn the loss of their dear martyred ones who were their support, love, life and their all! They are now gone from their side forever, with only sor-row and desolation for ther comforter

the martyred ones cries out for ven-geance, and shall the voice of anguish be hushed?

TEACH YOUR BOYS .- Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

through life. Who can pay the price of this mighty woe? Truly, the blood of

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is far better than a college education without it. Teach them that one good honest rade, well mastered, is worth a dozen

beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the bes policy, that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precept by the he torments of the doomed. Teach them to respect their elders and

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless. Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a

black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecte of sex, and that when He gave the seventh commandment He meant it for them as

the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain

A GOOD REASON .- "I hear that it ha been decided to have nothing but native California wines at the Great Banquet in San Francisco," remarked a man on C street yesterday.
"Yes; that's the idea," said half a

dozen within hearing.

The first speaker was lost in reflection for several minutes, when he continued "It'l make trouble, sure, if they use Cali-

Every man in the group seemed to be fishing up something from his memory, and one after another they expressed "It was five years ago," said the first

speaker, "that I first tackled California champagne. I called on a lady and she opened two bottles. I drank em both, all but one glass. Pretty soon I insulted the lady, beat her poodle to death with a chair, kicked a child, broke up the mirrors and gass fixture, and was dragged out of the house by the police. Next day shooter and demanded an explanation. some California wine. He grasped me by the hand and said no apologies were necessary."

Here every listener looked a moment a

"You bet; I've been there."

REAPING TWENTY SQUARE MILES OF WHEAT.—The poetry of the harvest field will have to be written. A correspon dent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from the Dalrymple farm, furnishes the rough materials for one canto.
"Just think," he says, "of a sea of

wheat containing twenty square miles— 13,000 acres—rich, ripe, golden; the winds rippling over it. As far as the eye can see there is the same golden sunset hue. Far away on the horizon you behold an army sweeping along in grand procession. Riding on to meet it you see a major general on horseback-the superintendent; two brigadiers on horse-back—reapers. No swords flash in the kno's dat he warn't cut out ter lib in er country full er Yankee noshins an' double-back-ackshun convenshuns ter beat 'em outen de odd jobs dey wuz fife, but the army moves on—a solid ers-to the music of its own machinery. At one sweep in a twinkling, a swath of these things!"

"Jess so! But how's we gwine ter do hit? Dat's de pint wid me! But I boun' ef I wuz turn'd loose' in de patent offis bout er day wid dis ole ax dere'd be mo'

At one sweep in a twinkling, a swath of one hundred and ninety-two feet has been cut and bound—the reaper tossing ef I wuz turn'd loose' in de patent offis bout er day wid dis ole ax dere'd be mo' air—each binder doing the work of six one hundred and ninety-two feet has been cut and bound-the reaper tossing air-each binder doing the work of six the relic.

> It is said the carrier-pigeons fligh by sight and therefore that, although they can cover three or four hundred miles without a rest, they could not find their way to land over three hundred miles of trackless ocean. Some Antwerp birds were put on board a ship going to the East. At a distance of one hundred miles from home they were let out of their cage. They would not return home, but kept flying about the what conditions is not known. On two return home, but kept flying about the vessel. The inference is that they did

thrashing 600-their wages being \$2 a

People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh, but always keeps Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup handy.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

- The only woolen mill in Texas is at

may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

- It is said that mummies make good lamp-black, and now, thank heaven, we know what Jane Swisshelm was made - More lawlessness in the South.

Georgia paper prefaces a dun notice to its delinquent subscribers with a cut of a double barrel shot gun.

- A lively old woman in North Car-olina cooked a big dinner for the friends

cil of Paris for re-naming the streets of the Empire, such as the Rue Bonaparte, the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue

and fury, signifying nothing.

— Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague was 39 years old on the 13th of last August. The Bible says so. In Mr. Chase's diary The Bible says so. In Mr. Chase's diary at the time of his daughter's birth occurs the following remarkable entry: "The babe is pronounced pretty but I think it quite otherwise. It is, however, well formed, and I am thankful. May God give the child a good understanding that she may keep His commandments."

Alas! poor father! Poor daughter!

— The Bank of England was incorporated in 1649. It covers five acres of

porated in 1649. It covers five acres of ground and employs 900 clerks. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts. No mob admitted through open courts. No mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines in perfect order are always in readiness in case of

fire.

— A man in Kansas who represented himself as a "practical farmer" visited all the fairs with a prize pumpkin, and took the premiums every time. It measured seven feet around and weighed 230 pounds. Several days ago, at Council Grove, a rival farmer attempted to tap the pumpkin, in the abscence of its owner to get some of the seeds, and he discovered that it was made of wood. This beats the ingenious Connecticut invention of

bass-wood cucumber seed.

When the present Pope was a Cardinal he cherished the idea of publishing a Catholic journal that should be an organ for his church, and that could be read by all the people of Europe and America in their mother language. Since his cleration to the Portificate, he has his elevation to the Pontificate, he has exerted himself to start this newspaper, and now announces that its first number will be issued next month. It will be will discuss the political and economical questions of the day, and officially represent the opinions of the Holy See. The compositors are to be the deaf and dumb pupils in the asylums of Rome. Ali-monde will be the general superintendent, and the Pope is anxious that a Cardinal should be at the head of the editorial department. The novel paper will

start with 42,000 subscribers. of this number are Italians. — The arrest by the police of a child ten years old has revealed the existence of one of those mysterious branches of industry carried on in Paris under cover of darkness. The child in question had been observed by the guardians of the peace loitering, with a big wicker cage, along the streets, and making sudden dashes into doorways after some invisible object. This object was found, on a closer watch, to be invariably a cat, and a policeman thereupon thought himself justified in asking the little vagabond his business. "Oh, I am hunting cats," rebusiness. "Oh, I am hunting cats," replied the boy, "but I havn't done much to-night, they are too cunning, and I have only got the one you see in the cage." Further inquiry disclosed the fact that he was thus sent out at night to capture the unlucky felines by his father, who employed the day in selling the results of his son's nocturnal prowlings to the

keepers of eating houses. What the latter did with the cats is not stated.

— When Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in the Castle of Lochburne in the winter and early spring of 1568, she drew young George Douglas, the strip-ling brother of William Douglas, the Governor of Lochburn, into her favor for the purpose of effecting her escape. The youth was won completely. On the evening of the 2d of May, 1568, the keeper and his family being at table, George seized the keys and fled across the lake with the royal prisoner. For this romantic allegiance Queen Mary presented to George Douglas a lock of her hair. Now it so came about that as time rolled on this lock-of a silken texture and beautiful pale auburn-was found among some old papers at "Wishaw," one of the estates of the Douglas family. And as time again passed when the late John Carrol Brent visited the late Mrs. Catharine Pye Douglas, of Rose Hall, Scotland, a relative, she showed him the lock, and, dying seven years later, in 1847, bequeathed it to him. At the death of John Carrol Brent it fell into the possession of his sister, Miss C. D. Brent, of Washington, D. C., who is now at Bedford Springs, and who herself kindly told the Lynchburg News, of last Thursday, all about

MANUMISSION OF SLAVES IN CUBA .-A commercial house in New York has furnished the following advices from their correspondents in Havana, dated the 13th instant: The alcalde correjider (mayor) of Havana, Mr. Anto nioGonzahis slaves, three hundred in number. in Havana they proposed to serenade the mayor, but the government interfered and prohibited them from so doing. estates the negroes killed their overseers and then went before a justice and states that they had done so on account of bad treatment. From many of the estates the negroes have left and joined the insurgents, those that re ained refusing to work.